

SELWYN

MONTHLY

HOUSE

5 CENTS

CHRONICLE

SERIAL CONTINUEUD:

On May 7th, 1915 as near home as the Irish Channel the "Luisitania" of the Cunard Line was torpedoed off the entrance to Cork by U boat U20. In command was Kaptain-Leutnant Schwieger.

She was steaming on a steady course 12 miles off OLD HEAD of Kinsale so that her officers could check their navigation and so made an easy target. She sank within twenty minutes with a total of 1,198 out of 1,959 people on board looseing their lives.

The third of the four disasters occured on May 29th, 1914 between the Canadian Pacific steamship "Empress of Ireland" and a Norwegian collier "Sterstad". The collision occured in fog near Father's Point. The former sank very shortly with a great deal of lives being lost.

Next month the Andrea Doria - Stockholm crash.

Admiral John Charles Fishbone.

THE "ROCKET"

by Robert Dolman.

No athlete was ever more aptly named than Maurice, "the rocket" Richard. One of the greatest hockey players that ever lived. Richard's style of play and his temperament certainly are comparable to a rocket.

The stormy professional career of this fabulous hockey player commenced during the early years of World War II.

On joining "The Canadien" hockey club he was placed on a line with two great players, "Toe" Blake and Elmer Lach. Immediately Richard became the goal scoring sensation of the league. Soon he broke the goal scoring records of all time.

During Richard's first years many people belittled Richard's scoring feats. They argued that the league was weakened by many of the good players joining The Armed Services. Thus Richard's scoring records were of an artificial nature. However the Rocket's" performances in the years after the War proved those impressions to be false. He remained the goal scoring sensation of the National Hockey League right through the years. Now at the age of 35 and after 15 rugged years in the N.H.L. Richard is still among the top scorers.

Richard is a great competitor with a fiery temper. He has been

involved in many tempestuous scenes of brawls, arguments and body checking. His actions once sparked a full scale riot at the Montreal Forum.

All this adds up to both the greatest and most colourful player who ever performed in professional hockey.

THE PART MUSIC PLAYS IN OUR EVERYDAY LIFE

by Donald Steven.

As the sun rises, in any part of the world a bird greets the new day with a song (Except in the North and South Poles). Many an opera singer started his musical career to the accompaniment of running water in a shower.

Music is used to quiet mentally ill patients in institutions. David could always quiet Saul's violent outbursts with his lyre when every other means had failed.

A choir of angels singing in a starlit sky announced the Birth of Christ. The last sounds heard on April 14, 1912 as the sea closed over the Titanic were the strings of the orchestra and the voices of the survivors blended together in that glorious hymn, "Nearer my God to Thee". In the battle of the Alamein, a lone Scottish music. In the munition factories of Britain during World War II music was played constantly to keep up the moral of the over-worked workers. From the Pacific to the Atlantic, from Mexico to Africa music in its varied forms is heard every hour of every day. From the rhythm of a war drum in the heart of Africa and detouring Elvis's rock'n roll, (some day, he'll roll down the hill faster than he came up) to the perfection of the Boston Pops orchestra, and the Metropolitan Opera. From the Cheer-leader of a football team to Auld Lang Syne on New Year's Eve to the chime of my alarm at seven o'clock on a school day morning you will have music. It provides the background for every movie and play; most of the commercials on radio and television are in the form of a musical jingle.

There was music at your Christening and I trust there will be some when they close the lid on your coffin, so "Whistle While You Work".

COMPETITION IV

The last competition was won by Lee Watchorn and he will be awarded the first prize there will not be any consolation prizes because no one else entered.

This month's competition is to write an essay on fiction. It should not be longer than 500 words and not less than 150 words. They have to be neat or they will be put aside and not be judged. They should be handed in before the 20th of the month.

THE QUESTION BOX

People that want to ask questions about any articles or article in this paper should forward the questions to Mr. Know It All care of Walker I, Prager, or Bruce.

The questions should be brief but to the point. You should not ask more than two (2) questions. If your questions are accepted they will be printed in this paper with the answer or answers. If they aren't legible they will be handed back and you will be asked to re-write them. If you want to withdraw your question or questions you should contact one (1) of the mentioned above before the 18th of the month.

Yours truly: Mr. Know It All.

HOW RAILWAY ENGINES ALL BEGAN

by M.A. Bastian.

It is very difficult to say when man first thought of travel along iron rails, and is equally uncertain when the notion of a steam-driven engine first dawned upon him. Steam as a means of power is said to have been thought of by the Greeks, but the first man who was really successful in designing a steam engine, which, though stationary had the power to move heavy loads, was Thomas Newcomen. In 1705 he designed what was called the atmospheric engine, and it was used for pumping in a colliery near Wolverhampton. Fifty years later James Watt came across Newcomen's strange contraption, perfected a condenser to make it work better and patented a fairly successful steam engine -- still stationary, in 1769. Five years later Watt joined with Boulton, and the great firm of Watt and Boulton was formed. To all intents and purposes they were the principal makers of steam engines until the turn of the century; remember, it was still a means of power in the form of a winding gear or a pump that the steam engine was being used.

Keeping pace with the gradual progress of the steam engine was the development of railway lines, or "tram lines" as they really should be called. The idea of hauling heavy trucks along tram lines was thought of in the coal mines, and the first actual tracks are mentioned during Queen Elizabeth's reign. Two types of rail or tram line came into use. The plate rail, which was simply a flat line of plates along which horses dragged their trucks, was used for a long time, but in 1766 men like Carr and Jessop pronounced their belief in the new edge-rail. These men saw how useful it would be to have right angled plates screwed on to the lines to prevent stock from rolling off. It was Jessop, who, incidently decided that the best standard gauge for a tram line should be 5 ft., which with the width of the truck wheels subtracted, made 4 ft. 8½ in. the gauge they use to-day.

SHOULD EVERY HOME HAVE TELEVISION?

by V. Prager.

Television, books greatest competitor as most people think, is a very nice thing to have around the house, but I do not think that every home should have one. There are some very good programs, documentary and travel.

It is a great strain on the eyes if one looks at too many shows and even more if you sit two feet away from it.

In Canada, Television is not as bad as in other parts of the world, but it still has its fair share of murder and wild-west programs.

In Montreal C.B.M.T. does not start telecasting until 3:30. In New York the stations start telecasting at 6 o'clock with cartoon shows and news.

Television is rapidly becoming the whole life of people who are completely unwilling to sit down and read a good book. Probably the only real advantage of having a television set is to stop children reading comics which contain nothing but rotten material and which is becoming the national language of the North American continent.

If there is an occasional good program and you want to see it you can always go to a friend who has a set or go to a department store where a T.V. set is usually on.

Probably, the second or even the most important factor in buying a T.V. set is the tremendous expense and constant repair that is needed to keep the thing in working order. First you find that the picture is all blurred. Then a bulb breaks and then a tube and so on until you are paying more for repairs than you paid in the first place for the money-eating machine.

I would imagine that when you are invited at a place where the host or hostess owns a television set, instead of having an interesting conversation all you would probably hear are a few "Shhh's" now and then coming from the television room as someone sneezed.

The next problem is about "the children", as parents would say. How long should those wretched creatures stay up and what programs should they see. I would imagine that in New York where there are about seven channels, that when the childrens come home from school and the fathers from the office there must be a horrible row about who is going to see what program. Junior wants to see "Cowboy of the West", sister insists on seeing "How to Catch a Man", Mother wants to listen to "Aunt Jemima's cooking course" and Papa wants to listen to "The Stock Market".

The only solution would be to get one T.V. set per person which would cost quite a bit, or to have one day for Junior, Sister, Mother and Dad. This might come to some confusion considering that all the good programs are on the same day and the argument would start over again.

Before I finish I would like to say that if you want peace and quiet don't buy a T.V. set.

A SHORT BIOGRAPHY ON THE LIFE OF LEWIS CARROLL.

by Donald Steven.

On Jan. 27th, 1832 a son was born to the Rev. & Mrs. Dodgson, the rector of Daresbury, Cheshire England. He was christened Charles Lutwidge Dodgson. Charles was a clever, active boy, but very sensitive to praise or blame. He was born left-handed, which was considered an very alarming thing in those days and the fact that his elders were always trying to correct this left-handedness had something to do with the writing in later years of, "Alice Through the Looking-Glass." He spent hours in front of the looking-glass when he was very young and discovered that his image in the mirror was right-handed, and from this came the delightful surprise that in the looking-glass was another world in which everything was in reverse. Charles was the eldest of 11 children and although the little town of Daresbury was isolated there were many children there and he invented many games for them all to play. He made a train with railway stations in the Rectory garden. He did magic tricks for them and he made a troupe of Marionettes and a stage with the help of his family and the village carpenter. He wrote all the plays for them and worked all the strings himself. His most popular play was "The Tragedy of King John". He also made pets of snails and toads and gave small pieces of broken clay pipes to earthworms and watched them fight with them.

He was educated by his father until he was 12 years old and then he went to school at Richmond. There he earned himself the reputation of being a "boy who could use his fists in a righteous cause", as he was always defending the weaker and smaller boys. The headmaster wrote to his father and told him "You may anticipate a bright future for him, for he has a very uncommon share of genius".

In 1846 he went to Rugby and always brought home one or more of the coveted prizes. During the three years he was at Rugby he spent the holidays editing a number of magazines for his own amusement. The best and funniest of them was called "The Rectory Umbrella" in May of 1850 he matriculated at Christ Church College, Oxford. He took first class honours in mathematics and second class honours in Classics and won the Butler scholarship in 1856, and became a Deacon and lectured in mathematics at Oxford. He never preached because he stuttered. He wrote many poems and works on mathematics.

In 1856 he began writing stories for children under the name of Lewis Carroll. He used to take the children to the Dean of Christ Church in Oxford for boat trips on the river and used to tell them wonderful stories and then one day in 1865 he wrote the now famous "Alice in Wonderland" first published it under the name of "Alice's Hours in Elfland" and 1872 he published it under the title of "Through the Looking-Glass, and what Alice Found There".

The Alice in the stories was a very real person, she was Alice Liddell, the daughter of the Dean of Oxford. She lived to see the 100 year anniversary of Lewis Carroll's birthday.

Lewis Carroll died in 1898 in his sister's home. It is strange that he never married and had children of his own because he was so very fond of children. In the Children's Hospital in London England, there is a cot in his name and the people of London send money to the hospital to pay the expense of this cot so that any child that needs to be in a hospital and does not have the money to pay can go there for nothing.

A very famous English cartoonist and artist Sir John Tenniel drew all the illustrations for Alice in Wonderland "It is a book enjoyed by grown-ups as well as children.

1ST SERIAL CONTINUED.

(McLeod and his companions, while helping to demolish buildings in the path of the great fire of London, to check the spread of the oncoming flames, had been trapped in a cul-de-sac by the fall of a house at its entrance, and in trying to escape had entered the door of a neighbourhouse

Up the old, rickety, creaking, swaying staircase ran McLeod and his friends. The house was a tall, narrow structure and it took them several minutes to reach, by way of an attic window, the lead gutter that ran round its patched and flimsy roof. But as they struggled out one by one, what an amazing spectacle spread before them! Through the shifting gaps in the billowing, rancid smoke, which caught at their throats and set them coughing and choking, they could see the fierce dazzle of enormous, racing, hissing, crackling flames, which ever and again leapt up to the sky with a deafening roar as some tinder-dry building crumpled up and shrivelled away into blazing matchwood.

For a terrible moment the smoke to the east, parted by a gust of wind, rolled aside to show then the great spire of St. Paul's, its lead all melted away, its skeleton of timbers gaunt against the lurid brown and orange reek behind, heeling over, hanging suspended for an instant, and then disintegrating into nothing. The men gasped with horror and covered their faces. Above the constant roaring of the flames they thought they heard, borne on the wind from the direction of the cathedral, a shrill clamour of wild dismay, as the central landmark of the city, for so long the focus of its daily life, the symbol of its highest hopes and aspirations vanished away into glowing charcoal and smouldering ashes.

But there was no time to be lost. The smoky, spark-laden breeze was scattering red-hot ash over the very roof they stood on, and a ripping, rending, crashing tumult close at hand told of falling walls and tumbling floors in the immediate vicinity. They must scramble somehow to safety along the roof-gutters and find a way down to the passage at the back of the street which seemed as yet unblocked by fallen masonry and timber. The house they stood on was already burning lower down, for smoke was issuing from the very window they had climbed through, and by now the staircase must be quite impassable, or, perhaps, it was no longer there at all. The next roof was fully ten feet lower, but the platform below was wide enough to jump on. McLeod grasped the coping without an instant's hesitation, lowered himself over, dropped and landed with bent knees, then turned to help his companions, one by one.

It was as they ran to clamber to the next roof, hoping to gain access by some trap or skylight to a house as yet untouched by the flame through which they might reach the open lane, that McLeod heard a despairing cry close at hand. Crouched at the foot of a chimney stack, doubled up with pain and holding one foot in his hands, was a man who called faintly for help. His wig was black with soot, his clothes as grimy as their own, but he was well-dressed and wore silver buckles on his shoes.

"Help me", he begged. "My house is doomed and I have sent away everything of worth, but before leaving it for ever, I ran up here to see the last of old St. Paul's, and as I scrambled back across the roof to reach the trap-door in the loft, some tiles gave way, I fell into this gutter, and I think my leg is broken".

For a moment, the thought of carrying this stranger with them dismayed McLeod. Any minute they might find their route to safety cut off by the furious onrush of the fire, whose savagely licking tongues leapt always forward, engulfing everything, leaving nothing behind but a smouldering inferno of white-hot ruin. But he hesitated only for a moment. Even if it cost them their lives, they must try to save this stranger from the awful fate about to overtake him. McLeod seized his shoulders: his friends raised his body, though they handled him as carefully as they could, the stranger groaned with pain; but in spite of his suffering they had to stumble on as best they could, making all possible haste.

At last, with a gleam of hope in their hearts, they saw a window, set in a little gable above the slope of the next roof and opening on the gutter. The glass was quickly smashed and the window unlatched. Gingerly they lifted the wounded stranger through into a little attic room and laid him down for a moment, while McLeod ran to the stairhead to see if all was clear. Thin wisps of smoke were drifting up the corkscrew staircase, but there was no sound of burning below, so McLeod ran back to help the others lower their burden gradually down the twisting steps. Not a soul was to be seen in that deserted house, and on every floor the doors stood gaping, showing abandoned rooms from which all easily moved objects had been carried off. Those things that had been left, chairs, tables, bedsteads, curtains, cupboards, had a forlorn and melancholy look, as if they dimly knew that they were only waiting for their inevitable end.

By the time they reached the ground, and with great sighs of relief gained the dim and smoky outer air of the lane behind, the top of the house was ablaze. Glancing up as they stumbled on, McLeod saw the roof they had just been hurrying over collapse into the top storey and the upper windows blaze out angrily as the fire leapt up inside.

After trudging wearily on through many narrow streets, they reached a zone of safety, and the stranger, who had undergone unspeakable agonies on the journey and been for part of it insensible from pain, murmured out his thanks. As McLeod handed him over to the crowd of helpers who were desperately trying to cope with the innumerable casualties, he clasped his hand weakly and muttered an address in Sussex, begging him to call there later with his friends.

But it was long before McLeod thought of doing so. When at last, some years later, he was travelling through Sussex, it occurred to him to call at the address he had been given to enquire how the patient had subsequently fared. The stranger was not himself at home, but McLeod was warmly welcomed by his family, who told him that Sir Christopher Wren, now busy with the reconstruction of the city and St. Paul's, owed his life to him and his companions and was longing for an opportunity to thank them and reward them.

McLeod and his friends never again met Sir Christopher Wren, for they did not wish to be embarrassed by his gratitude, and it was more than enough reward to them to know that they had saved the life of London's greatest architect and in that way unknowingly contributed to the wonderful work of reconstruction they saw going on around them as the new London rose up round a new cathedral, like a phoenix rising from the ashes of its funeral pyre.

NUMISMATICS (Continued) by R.C.S. Walker.

THE CONDITION OF YOUR COINS

One factor of major importance in the valuation of your coins is the condition in which they are. A worn and rubbed specimen is not worth nearly as much as a coin in the condition in which it left the mint -- that is, in most cases.

Because so great an importance is attached to the state of the coin, two or three letters are usually written on coin envelopes by experienced collectors to indicate its condition. The following "table of conditions" is that used by B.A. Seaby, Ltd. of London, England, and many other coin dealers and collectors:

PROOF:	Coin specially struck from new dies, with a mirror-like or matt surface.
F.D.C.	(Fleur de coin): In perfect mint state.
UNC.	Uncirculated.
NEARLY	F.D.C.
E.F.	(Extremely fine): Really beautiful, with no wear, but not absolutely perfect.
NEARLY	E.F.
V.P.	(Very Fine): Only slightly worn or damaged, or not quite perfectly struck.
NEARLY	V.F.
F.	(Fine): Worn, but still distinct.
NEARLY	F.
FAIR:	Very considerably worn or damaged.
MEDIOCRE:	Not a good specimen.
P.	Poor

This table of conditions, arranged in order of merit, is taken from Seaby's "Standard Catalogue of the Coins of Great Britain and Ireland".

CLEANING COINS

As a general rule, it is not advisable to clean coins. Polishing and cleaning rubs the coin, and in other ways brings down its value.

FREAK COINS

A postage stamp which has been printed wrongly may be very valuable, but coins which have been struck with two heads or two "tails" are regarded as freaks and are not, usually, particularly valuable. Any badly struck coin is less valuable than a well-struck piece.

RIDDLE-ME-REE

by David Walker.

My first is in Berwick and Aberdeen,

My second in the French for seen;

My third is in cities (one-fifth of clean);

My fourth in bacon and also in lean;

My whole, minus one, will rhyme with been.

N.B. The answer is even, which rhymes with been when written e'en.

